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PACIFIC WEEKLY

A WESTERN JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

OCTOBER 19, 1936

**H. L. KNOWLES
VS. THE LAW**

**WESTERN WRITERS'
CONGRESS**

Editorial by Carey McWilliams

DESERT DROSS

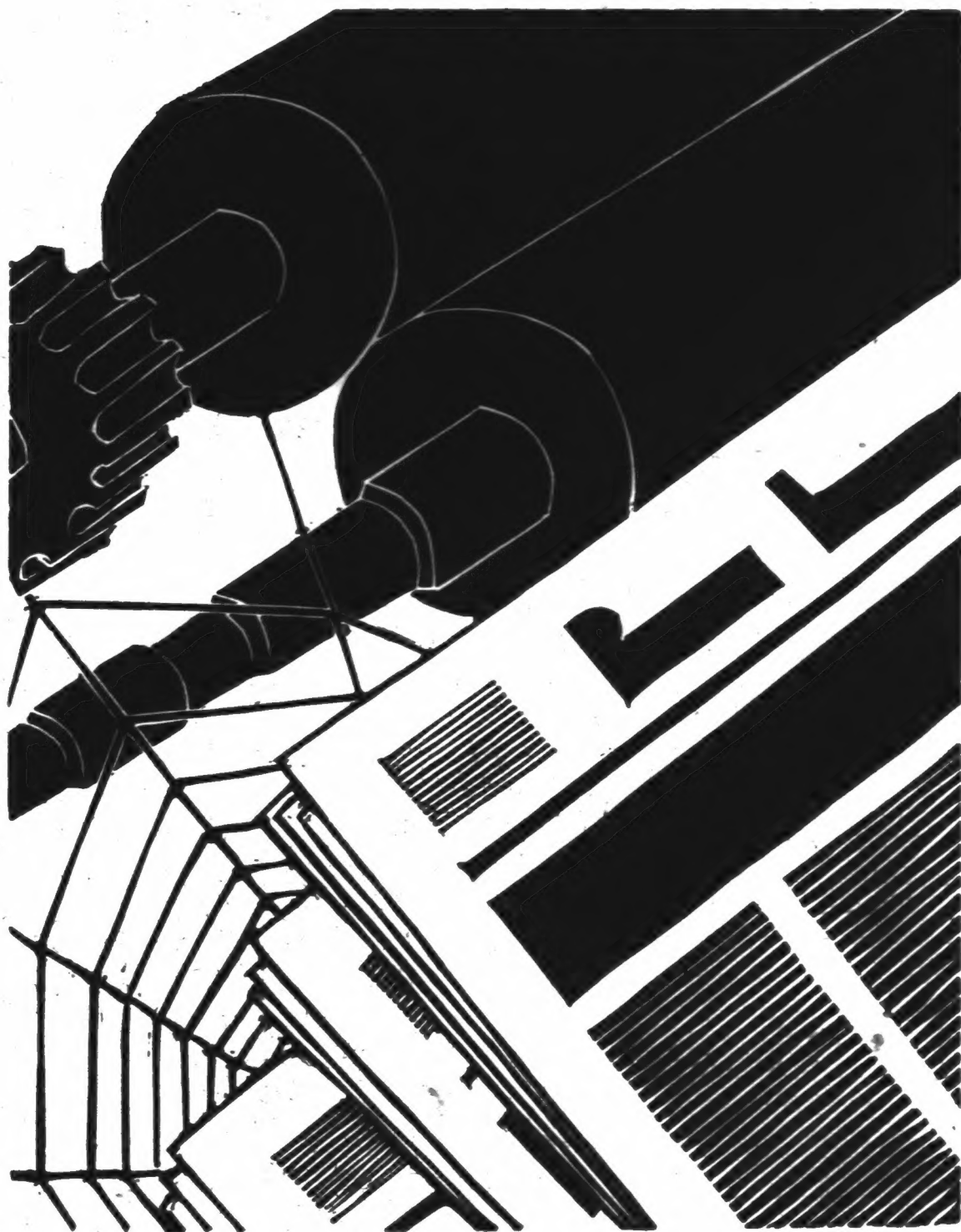
David Price

**WASHINGTON
REACTS AGAINST
REACTION**

Cole Stevens

**DARKNESS ON
THE DELTA**

Frank Smith



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PACIFIC WEEKLY

VOLUME V

NUMBER 16

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NOTES AND COMMENT

AS WE GO to press it appears that there will be peace on the waterfront for the present. Apparently it percolated to the authorities in Washington that if the shipowners stuck by their threats to abolish the 1934 agreements, lengthening hours, reducing daily wages, and hiring from the pier-heads, the ensuing lockout would embroil all maritime unions, and tie up shipping East, West and Gulf; and the public would realize that the owners were the instigators of the trouble. It was perfectly apparent that the unions wanted only to maintain the gains they had won through two years of hard struggle; wanted no strike, no lockout, and no "ruination of the nation's shipping." Once more the West Coast marine labor leaders, particularly Harry Bridges, represented their men with unfailing honesty and sincerity of purpose, refused to sell out, refused to be deflected from their path; and their integrity has percolated into the conservative as well as the liberal and radical press.

The owners are reduced to ever shabbier methods, and are using provocateurs, thugs, spies, informers, as never before. Every weak element in and out of labor's ranks is being utilized to the best of the Industrial Association's ability and the State Chamber of Commerce's; and the public, becoming more and more aware of these underhanded and unsavory methods, is beginning to wonder if this is what democracy has to resort to to protect itself?

In any event, the apparent temporary victory of the unions, in preventing strike, lock-out or shipping tie-up, will materially aid the re-election of President Roosevelt, as it has apparently spiked the owners' attempt to discredit the Administration by provoking national industrial trouble just before the election.

THE GENERAL tightening of class lines in the United States finds reflection in many news items, notices, and even advertisements. Of general interest are the full-page advertisements which the *Saturday Evening Post* has been inserting in most of the newspapers. These ads are definitely addressed to the prejudices of *Post* readers. The *Post*, one learns, is addressed to those readers who "are on the way up"; it is only "to the sane, solid, solvent and aspiring that its forthright Americanism will appeal." The notice goes on to point out that "the crackpot and the parlor pink, the inflationist and the live-without-work boys, the ex-hungry and the dimwits who would trade what we have for what the European have not, would starve for lack of encouragement or sustenance in these columns." The *Post* has, in fact, been fostering just this attitude in its readers for the last three or four years. It has published innumerable stories and serials in which liberals, progressives, and radicals are depicted in a ludicrous light, as crack-pot, sex-hungry, insolvent no-bodies. But, in the past, this sort of campaign was conducted with a light touch, the tone being mildly satirical. Now the manner has changed. The opposition is being treated curtly and contemptuously. The change is important, for it shows that the *Post* has definitely abandoned steering a pseudo-middle course: it is outspokenly "right." This sort of definite and conscious alignment is apparent in many quarters today, and when business institutions, notorious for their efforts to make no enemies and to be placid in all things, begin to turn on the heat in a public and unapologetic manner, then it may be assumed that they have come to regard the breach as irreparable.

THERE HAS BEEN vigilantism on our college campuses heretofore, but according to the new instructions given all R. O. T. C. officers (as uncovered by the American Student Union) vigilantism is now becoming plain organized fascism. The R. O. T. C. "brown shirts" at the University of California are, to quote their official instruction book, to be "completely armed and equipped, including tear gas bombs and gas masks . . . to protect the campus." We may well ask "To protect the campus from what?" But we know already that these fascist troopers will not only be turned loose against all liberal campus organizations and meetings, but will become scabs and strikebreakers when the need arises, for steps in this direction have been taken already here and elsewhere in the country.

AT THE regular open meeting of Local 349, American Federation of Teachers in Berkeley on Wednesday evening, October 7, Agnes Morley Cleveland, Author of *An American Primer*, presented a novel amendment to American History. "King George," she said, "started a revolution against the American colonies, and George Washington led a counter-revolution against it."

It would seem that the Communist claim to the American revolutionary heritage is getting under the skin of the D.A.R. and Hearst to the point where they are willing to violate the American historical record in order to keep our traditions from the working class.

Appropriately enough, the speaker was representing the Republican party in a symposium on political programs. Pro-

fessor Max Radin of the Law department of the University of California represented the Democratic party, suggesting that the Republicans vote for Roosevelt in order to save the country from Communism, and the Communists and Socialists vote for Roosevelt in order to save the country from Landon. Clarence Rust spoke as representative of the Socialist party.

WE DRAW ATTENTION on another page of this issue to a document which has come into our hands, an example of the activities of those who seek to discredit union leaders and liberals by questionable methods. American Legion officials have frequently led in such attempts, showing complete disregard for legal formalities.

H. L. Knowles is chairman of the Subversive Activities Committee of the American Legion, but there is evidence that a good many Legionnaires are not glad of it, for one of them writes us that "among sane legionnaires he is considered a crackpot." Be that as it may, Knowles has been very nimble in ferretting out "subversive activities," and writes letters in protest at this and that. It was he who prepared a list of "Red" organizations which were to be denied meeting-halls, and who, somewhat to his later dismay, succeeded thereby in expelling the "Young Democrats" from their offices in San Francisco's Bellevue Hotel. Mr. Knowles has succeeded in using valuable time of Administration officials in his "ferreting" activities.

The conclusion to the memorandum sent to the Commissioner by his legal advisors states "The numerous extracts quoted from the letters of Mr. Knowles show his attitude . . . is . . . prejudiced and his language intemperate and over-bearing. He resorts constantly to threats and abuse."

ATTACKS in the realm of ideas badly frighten the reactionaries. Fascists may go long on power, money and guns, but they are short and weak in the realm of ideas; as they are in ideals, integrity or moral force. The New York *American* of September 8th devotes a two-column page editorial, replete with black-face, caps, italics, and light-face caps, to violent denunciation of (yes, of all things!) Mr. Ogden Reid's New York *Herald-Tribune* for a little literary note that paper ran on an anti-Hearst pamphlet put out by the American League Against War and Fascism. Hearst accuses the *Herald-Tribune* of aiding and abetting communism not only in its literary columns but also in its news and criticism! And is not sure that the paper is not a "journalistic knave."

The editorial quotes from the "non-partisan" (sic) *American Mercury* to prove its thesis.

According to Mr. Hearst "THE NEW YORK HERALD-TRIBUNE PUBLISHES, DAILY AND SUNDAY, MORE LEFTIST LITERARY CRITICISM THAN ANY OTHER AMERICAN JOURNAL, INCLUDING THE NEW MASSES."

While he's about it, we suggest to Mr. Hearst he also discipline his Mr. Clarence Lindner, managing editor of his San Francisco *Examiner* (the favorite Hearst child). Mr. Lindner allowed to creep into his news columns last week the unpardonable propaganda that the fascist mobs (in London) were "hoodlums." The *Examiner* said HOODLUMS went around shouting "Heil Mosley" and looting Jewish shops in London's East End.

WESTERN WRITERS' CONGRESS

IN RETROSPECT it will probably be recognized that no more important occurrences broke the darkening circle of post-war reaction than the various national and international congresses of writers, artists, and intellectuals called to protest against the social and cultural decay implicit in fascism. It is impossible to weigh, with even approximate accuracy, the significance of such gatherings at this time. Obviously they have been events of historic importance if for no other reason than that no similar gatherings have ever been held. To measure such meetings by an appraisal of their announced aims and intentions, or even by a critical analysis of their proceedings, is to miss something of their significance. For, to get at this deeper significance, one would have to know what effect participation in the congresses had upon the individuals in attendance; also, one would have to be in a position to know what significance was attached to the congresses by those who did not attend, but who knew of their occurrence and followed their proceedings. A public meeting in a period of social stability is one thing; a public meeting in a period of great tension is quite another affair. In the first case, the influence of the meeting most likely expires with its formal adjournment; in the second, the meeting actually grows in significance and interest in the future. A few commonplace remarks of this sort have to be kept in mind in considering the various congresses that have been held.

In this country, for example, the first congress of American writers was held in New York City on April 26th, 27th, and 28th, 1935. The proceedings of the congress have been published in a volume edited by Henry Hart ("American Writers Congress"—1935—International Publishers). Some of the papers read or presented were: "Fascism and Writers" by Edward Dahlberg; "From Dada to Red Front" by Louis Aragon; "What the Revolutionary Movement Can Do For a Writer" by Malcolm Cowley; "The Writer as Technician" by John Dos Passos; "Revolutionary Symbolism in America" by Kenneth Burke; and "The Negro in Recent American Literature" by Eugene Clay. Some 216 delegates from twenty-six states, and 150 writers attending as guests, including

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PACIFIC WEEKLY is not at present able to pay for contributions, but welcomes fact and opinion reporting, particularly in the Pacific region. No responsibility can be taken for any Manuscripts, and only Manuscripts accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes can be returned.

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fraternal delegates from Mexico, Cuba, Germany, and Japan, were present. One of the most interesting sections of the volume is that devoted to the discussion and proceedings, showing a very active and intelligent participation by the delegates. Valuable as some of the papers are, one gets the impression that the discussion was perhaps of greater interest. The Congress had important national and international reverberations, finding an echo in the staid columns of the *London Times*.

After the Paris Congress, a meeting of the International Association of Writers for the Defense of Culture was held in London, June 19th to 23rd. An account of this meeting may be found in the magazine *Left Review*, for July, 1936. Ernst Toller, John Strachey, Andre Malraux, H. G. Wells, Gerald Heard, Julien Benda, Ilya Ehrenbourg, and several others read papers. The Congress unanimously resolved to urge the Nobel Peace Prize Committee to award the prize this year to Ossietzky. The ambitious plan of the French delegation for a great encyclopedia was discussed with great interest. Most of the important writers of England were in attendance.

In connection with the coming Congress of Western Writers—the first of its kind ever held in the west—scheduled for November 13th, 14th, and 15th, 1936, in San Francisco, a few anticipatory observations are possible. In the first place, this congress has certain practical and immediate objectives to consider that did not exist in connection with any of the other congresses held to date. For years it has been recognized in California, the Northwest, New Mexico, and the Inter-Mountain Regions that western writers face certain peculiar problems. This is not an individual nor yet a contemporary realization. Bret Harte studied the problem. Gelett Burgess pondered it carefully in 1907. Carey McWilliams reviewed the history of its discussion in an article in the *Southwest Review* in 1930; and, more immediately, Margaret Wickham Watson, in an article in *The Carmelite* for March 26th, 1931, raised the same issue. It has been echoed many times since. It has been a concern of practically every writer of importance from pioneer days in the west down to the present time. While it has various and important ramifications, the point is that, in this country, our cultural ties are with New York. Each point, let us say, has a line that reaches to New York, but there are no lines connecting intermediate points. Consequently, there is a more active cultural exchange between San Francisco and New York than there is between San Francisco and Los Angeles. Space will not permit a list of the writers who, at various times, have bothered their heads about this problem, and the difficulties, practical and otherwise, to which it necessarily gives rise. Now, for the first time, a large and representative collection of western writers are going to have an opportunity of thrashing out the general and particular aspects of this problem. They have hitherto accepted it as a fact of geography, rather than attempting to cope with it themselves. For, after all, it is a problem that they cannot expect other groups to solve for them. Its solution, moreover, would have cultural consequences of the utmost importance. If the congress does no more than measure and appraise the problem, and call attention to its existence, it will have justified the call. For a quarter of a century, writers in the west have bemoaned the lack of a real journal of opinion. Yet with *PACIFIC WEEKLY* going into its third year of existence, it is still necessary for a small group of individuals to beg, borrow, and scrape to get the wherewithal

to keep it alive. The continued existence of the magazine, incidentally, should become a major concern of the congress.

CAREY MCWILLIAMS

TODAY IS THE FUTURE

Returning now from your Golgotha,
you (bespangled, sun-dyed, though silversame)
arrive at Balboa's strong Pacific:
now turbulent with blue-grey mist
restlessly moving across white-capped black seas:
recharged like Odysseus in Aeaeon islands,
you will find rebirth here
in more Troic strife.

No longer fiery peace
(the land of Ivan is no more:
burned out like a dog-bite, cauterized:
the new flesh grows quickly
and the old wound heals well):
the running pus of conflict,
dead soldiers, white cells,
blood light, red sight:

(they say

in order to clean a sore you have to

a) cauterize
or b) slash the skin

and make blood flow
as though you were treating a snake-bite,
else the body will wither and waste
and the organism will die.)

They are not cultured or disciplined,
nor do they know the songs of their kin.
Call them proletarians and they laugh and say
don't be a college boy all your life:
my grandfather wasn't a pioneer;
he was a Hunky, a towheaded Swede,
a farmer Dago—raised olives I guess—
a Frenchy, a Pollack, a Rooshian, a Dane,
a Spaniard, an Armenian, or a Jew:
or maybe, they say,
he was from New England,
Iowa, Illionois, Kentucky, New York,
Arkansas, North Carolina, Michigan, or Tennessee.

(They won't welcome you,
but their way must be your way:
we, the people, lynched in Georgia,
shot in San Francisco, tarred-and-feathered in Imperial,
burned, murdered,
electrocuted they say in Massachusetts,
maimed, drowned in the Florida seas:
their way is our way, yours must be theirs.)

Returning now from your Golgotha,
you (bespangled, sun-dyed, though silversame)
will arrive at the turbulent Pacific,
and find rebirth here in new Troic strife.

ALBERT KEITH-GORDON

H. L. KNOWLES

VS. THE LAW

THE following Memorandum, made public for the first time in this issue of PACIFIC WEEKLY, has come to this magazine at the desire of some members of the American Legion. This fact alone is evidence that many members of that organization are not in favor of the work of reactionaries such as H. L. Knowles, chairman of the Subversive Activities Committee of the Legion. Originally the material printed herewith was written under the title of a "Memorandum For The Commissioner of Immigration and Naturalization," and was submitted to that Commissioner by three of his subordinate officers, whose names and positions are appended to the document. PACIFIC WEEKLY publishes in this issue only part of the Memorandum, beginning with a "second letter" written by H. L. Knowles to the Immigration Commission, but publication of further material is planned for subsequent issues. PACIFIC WEEKLY has in no way interfered with the wording of the Memorandum.

We quote:

"... The second letter in this series, dated December 18, 1935, addressed to the Commissioner of Immigration and Naturalization, carried as an enclosure an issue of the *News Letter and Wasp*, in which Joseph P. Ryan President of the I.L.A. and Paul Sharrenberg, secretary of the California State Federation of Labor, were quoted as denouncing Harry Bridges as a Communist. Mr. Knowles concluded his letter with these words:

"As an American citizen and as State Chairman of the Subversive Activities Commission, I now call upon you to issue the necessary instructions to the end that an immediate and thorough investigation be made of the citizenship status of Harry Bridges, to be followed by such action as your oath of office requires you to take."

In subsequent letters Mr. Knowles reverts again and again to the case of Harry Bridges, leader of the S. F. waterfront strike and the general strike of 1934, whose deportation was then and later urgently sought by the interests which he had antagonized. His record has been exhaustively investigated, with results which may be summarized as follows:

Harry Bridges, a native of Australia, and a British subject, was legally admitted to the United States at the port of San Francisco, California, on April 12, 1920, and, so far as our records show, has resided in this country continuously since that time. He filed declarations of intention to become an American citizen in New Orleans in 1921 and in San Francisco in 1928, both of which he allowed to expire. A third declaration filed in San Francisco is now valid. In an effort to explain to Mr. Knowles and to other officers of the American Legion clearly and fully the activities of the Immigration and Naturalization Service in deportation cases and the limitations of the law, a conference was arranged at San Francisco on January 9, 1936, between Mr. Knowles and other members of the legion, and District Commissioner Cahill and other officials of the Immigration and Naturalization Service. At this conference all of the questions previously raised by Mr. Knowles were discussed and full information was furnished concerning the action taken by the Service. Reporting on this conference, the District Commissioner wrote:

"The gentlemen from the American Legion were apparent-

ly satisfied that we are doing everything we possibly can according to the law. We assured them that we will investigate any case they refer to us, if they will furnish us with definite and reliable information. The result of the meeting was an understanding on both sides . . . I am free to state that, for the time being at least, they are convinced that the Immigration and Naturalization Service in this District is efficient and alert and endeavoring to enforce the law."

Commissioner Cahill was mistaken in his belief that Mr. Knowles was satisfied, even temporarily, for on January 13, 1936, that gentleman addressed a letter to the Commissioner of Immigration and Naturalization, in which he renewed his protest against the transfer of Geoffrein and Finkelstein from the Alameda County jail to Angel Island, and reverting to the Bridges case said:

"Pending further developments I have withheld publicity in the Bridges matter. However, my patience, as well as that of several hundred thousand Legionnaires has become exhausted . . . Action is in order, and unless it is forthcoming immediately, I shall not only feel at liberty to give national publicity to existing conditions, but I shall feel it to be my duty as an American citizen."

This is tantamount to a declaration that, although the Department of Labor, after exhaustive investigation, has been unable to discover any legal grounds for the deportation of Bridges, as Mr. Knowles had been informed, deportation proceedings should nevertheless be started (Italics, P. W.)

Mr. Knowles also stated in this letter that "It is my firm conviction, as well as that of my associates that the activities of your local officials . . . are curbed by the restrictions placed upon them by you or by the Secretary of Labor." He listed six reasons for this conviction. The points involved are raised again in subsequent letters and will be dealt with later. In a letter to the Secretary of Labor dated February 3, 1936, Mr. Knowles complained that letters addressed by him to the District Director at San Francisco "remained unanswered, if not ignored." Two days later, on February 5, he again wrote to the Secretary of Labor to say that this was an inadvertance and that the District Director Mr. Haff, never at any time refused to answer any communication addressed to him. He intimated that it was the District Commissioner who failed to reply to his communications. Commenting on this, the District Commissioner, Mr. Cahill, stated that he had answered the only two letters addressed to him by Mr. Knowles. Pertaining to this controversy, there is in the files a copy of a letter addressed to Mr. Cahill by Mr. Knowles, stating: "... since you have deemed it expedient to refer all matters to the Central Office of the Department of Labor at Washington, D. C. we shall in future be pleased to address all of our correspondence to the Secretary of Labor and the Commissioner of Immigration and Naturalization and not to subordinates in the Department."

Various letters addressed by Mr. Knowles to the Central Office during the past six months have, in fact, remained unanswered, since it had become perfectly apparent that he did not want either information or explanations, but was engaged merely in a game of heckling . . ." (Italics, P. W.)

DESERT DROSS

DAVID PRICE

NOTHING so outrages the American Potash and Chemical Company as to have its employees stray from the crooked path of company unionism. The company, which is a subsidiary of British Goldfield, Ltd., extracts potash, borax, and their by-products at Trona, California, in the heart (and heat) of the Mojave Desert from property reported to be leased from the United States Government. The chairman of its Board of Directors is Count L. A. G. Dru, a Belgian. Also represented on its Board are the Lewisohn and Guggenheim clans, prime factors in the international metal and chemical cartels. The accumulated lore of decades of colonial exploitation was brought to bear by the American Potash and Chemical Company to keep its employees in the proper state of mental and physical peonage. Hence, one can imagine the anger and consternation of the company when fourteen officers and members of the executive committee of the company union reared up from all fours last August and ventured a slight nip at the company's buttocks.

Just how heinous the offense of the company union officers was will be appreciated when one understands what sort of a town Trona is. Every inch of its unincorporated area is controlled by the company, and every building owned by it. God is dispensed to its 900 employees through a company church; a company newspaper interprets world events and political issues for them; the children learn honor, obedience and ambition in a company school; company policemen maintain "law'n order"; and even the clippers and razors are wielded by a company barber. Visitors to Trona are expected to disclose their business to the police before making any calls.

Housing accommodations depend upon one's importance in the company's production (or espionage) set-up. The rank and file of workers have appropriately enough applied the name "Hollywood" to the row of modern homes occupied by executives, for these gentry are indeed stars in the rigid caste system introduced by our English cousins from across



the seas. Most of the workers double up in a bunkhouse room for which they pay \$9 per month each, or occupy one of five cots in a tent, for which the charge is \$6 per month.

The company is not without a sense of humor. Its company store is designated by it as a co-operative. After deducting \$500 per month rent and the expense of maintaining its personnel (or espionage) department, profits are divided among the company's employees in ratio to their purchases. Since outside competition is carefully eliminated—employees who purchase from mail order firms soon find themselves in disfavor—dividends can either be ten or fifty percent, depending upon which figure the company may find desirable for handling its labor.

In short, in Trona is found every refinement of an East African mining town. A peculiarly American flavor is added by a branch of the American Liberty League, composed mostly of young chemist graduates from the California Institute of Technology with a yearning to follow in the footsteps of Herbert Hoover.

Into the unfertile ground the NRA tossed the germ of labor organization. H. E. Ryker, an employee of the Industrial Relations Department of the American Potash and Chemical Company, in order to comply with the Chemical Code of the NRA, organized a company union in the Spring of 1934, according to testimony before the National Labor Relations Board. It was called the Allied Chemical Workers' Association, and one of its first activities was the publication of a newspaper in order to acquaint the employees of the American Potash and Chemical Company with the good work the company union was doing, and its amicable relations with the management.

In the issue of February 4th, 1936, the executive board of the company union reviews the progress of the previous half-year: "The social affairs sponsored by the Association have been successful. Although salary and wage adjustments have not been made and the housing project has not been completed, the executives of the organization . . . hope to have them ironed out soon."

Apropos of the housing project, some of the employees had attempted to purchase government-owned desert land, adjacent to Trona, for a townsite. Negotiations had progressed to the point where a sale was advertised. Then some mysterious influence intervened. Public officials who had welcomed the project with open arms became lukewarm, and muttered something about the lack of water, sanitation, etc. The project died a bureaucratic death.

But to return to the company union paper, the A. C. W. News: "Don't wait for somebody to ask you to join," the February 18th issue pleads. "See your timekeeper . . ."

About the latter part of February, 1936, some of the employees found their wages would not permit them to keep pace with the social successes scored by the company union, and formed a committee to contact the American Federation of Labor. The result was the formation of The Borax and Potash Workers' Union, Local No. 20181. Its first meeting was held on April 1, in the desert outside the company's property at Trona.

It became necessary to build the prestige of the company union to counteract the American Federation of Labor organization drive, and the company union paper relates in its

March 17th issue: "The request of the Association for a wage adjustment . . . was given the immediate attention of the manager's office."

Wage increases averaging two cents per hour were granted, and "perhaps the most far-reaching wage increase," the April 7th issue of the A. C. W. News states, "affected the common white labor rate, which brought the hourly rate to 50 cents."

This business of wage increases, the company felt, might soon become unpleasant. Clearly something more drastic was needed. The something more drastic proved to be J. Stuart Neary, member of the Los Angeles law firm of Gibson, Dunn and Crutcher, and a specialist in making company unions roll over and say "uncle." As general counsel for the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association of Los Angeles, Neary has often been indelicately referred to as the "king of strike-breakers" in Southern California. Labor has also recognized Mr. Neary's abilities. Two years ago, when the streetcar men struck against the Los Angeles Railway, Neary's subtle methods earned for him the nickname of "slugger."

Mr. Neary being a man of action, four charter members of the American Federation of Labor union were quickly and expeditiously dismissed.

With living costs in Trona double what they are in Los Angeles, neither the two cent wage increase nor Mr. Neary's heavy hand stilled the dissatisfaction. The management agreed to take under consideration further wage changes, and the April 21st issue of the A. C. W. News relates with pride that "The only changes were ten dollar raises granted to bosses in the Maintenance Division . . ."

Meanwhile a complaint had been filed with the National Labor Relations Board, alleging the four employees had been fired for union activity. The company refused to permit the Board to conduct hearings in Trona. The town belonged to the American Potash and Chemical Company, and the government could go hang. The National Labor Relations Board then moved to Randsburg, 60 miles away. Hearings opened in the American Legion hall on May 4th and continued until May 7th, when the Legion ordered the Board to vacate the hall because "the managers of mines around Randsburg said the hearings were causing unrest among their men." Trial Examiner Carey McWilliams, and his entourage, then retreated to the safe confines of the Federal Building in Los Angeles, where the hearings were concluded on June 3rd.

J. Stuart Neary appeared as counsel for the company and contributed several gems of open-shop thought. "I have no feelings one way or another as far as the laboring man is concerned," he said on the final day of the hearing. In discussing a subpoena from the National Labor Relations Board, he sneeringly called it "a scrap of paper."

Unfortunately, Trial Examiner McWilliams was compelled to dismiss the complaint because the company was engaged in mining, which the Supreme Court had ruled could not be construed as interstate commerce. The company admitted, and McWilliams in his summary found, that the company engaged in unfair labor practices.

Members of the A. F. of L. union then decided to seek the protective coloration of the company union, at the same time maintaining intact their independent organization. Within a few weeks they succeeded in eliminating most of the foremen and technical employees from office in the company union by passing an amendment to the constitution which placed all employees receiving more than \$200 a month on an honorary membership basis, not entitled to vote or hold office. Neary promptly struck back. Five members of the A. F. of L. union,

who were also members of the company union were discharged on various pretexts.

The discharged employees laid their cases before the executive committee of the company union. The committee agreed to lodge a protest with the management.

Led by George Cline, president of the Allied Chemical Workers' Association, the committee called on Martyn Porter, who bears the ambiguous title of "systems analyst."

"This matter is closed," Porter informed the committee peremptorily, "and is not open for discussion."

"We might as well disband the company union then," Cline replied.

"No, don't do that," Porter said. "This is an exceptional case. We hope to do business in the future."

The committee left the office with chips on its individual shoulders. A few days later the entire committee was fired.

The Inter-Professional Assn.

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WASHINGTON REACTS TO REACTION

COLE STEVENS

IN WASHINGTON, as in California, the forces of progress and reaction are lining up this year as they never have before. The Republican candidate for Governor, Roland H. Hartley, who held that office in the comparatively quiet period from 1924 to 1932, is a retired lumber operator of the most reactionary hue. His campaign has been based on calling out the state's armed forces against the *Post-Intelligencer* pickets and in any other labor troubles which may occur, and clearing out the "reds" (defined as anyone who teaches socialism) from the University faculty. He probably has little chance of being elected, however.

In the economic field, an increasingly arrogant opposition to all labor unions on the part of employers is becoming evident daily. Symbolic of this was the attitude of Hearst attorney Woods in the recently concluded hearings conducted by the National Labor Relations Board on the P.-I. case. Trial examiner Edwin S. Smith was constantly forced to strike out testimony brought in by the P.-I. management on the greatly exaggerated incidents of "violence" and the "labor dictatorship" of teamster Dave Beck, because these things were introduced for their propaganda effect and had no relation to the point at issue, the firing of Frank Lynch and Everhardt Armstrong. Woods continually accused Smith of being partial to the Newspaper Guild. Early in the hearing he said that the case would be appealed to the courts, assuming probably with sound judgment that the decision would be against Hearst. The Guild succeeded in establishing that the work of Lynch and Armstrong had been highly praised up to the time when their Guild activities had been found out. They also proved that threats had been made against Guild members' chances for advancement in the women's department and in the photographic department, that yellow-dog contracts had been issued to men not in the Guild, and that "apprentices" and armed guards had been imported from California long before the strike. The Hearst counsel blandly denied the implication of union-breaking in all these activities. The one positive point on which he continually harped was that the whole Labor Board was unconstitutional, and it is quite apparent that the Wizard of Wyntoon has no intention of abiding by the board's decision.

In the impending waterfront dispute, preparations for mob violence have been uncovered by the *Guild Daily*, the thriving morning paper issued by the strikers in place of the P.-I., and by the *Commonwealth News*. The "Law and Order League," started by the Chamber of Commerce crowd ostensibly to guard against mob violence from any source, has been issuing a questionnaire to members taking an inventory of their firearms and their preferences for the various types of military duty. A reporter for the *News* discovered that "Tanker" Smith, a strikebreaking guard in San Francisco during the 1934 strike, had a houseful of arms, including illegal machine guns, in a respectable residence district. The reporter put in his application for a job in case of a strike, and giving the name of a prominent Republican politician, he was handed a requisition for a revolver. Police, asked to investigate, delayed until Smith had moved to another location.

Most extreme of the reactionary forces are the Silvershirts of William Dudley Pelley. Their political branch, the "Chris-

tian Party," has filed a slate of candidates for state offices, with Pelley running for President. The ubiquitous *News* reporter found that the Pelleyites had attempted to buy arms for use against the Jews last month, and that they had an armed training camp at Redmond, across Lake Washington from Seattle. In the September 30 issue of their paper, "Chief" Pelley announced that he had been in conference with several prominent men in the Seattle Chamber of Commerce. His converts announce that they are just waiting for the "Jew-Communists" to start something, so that they can take over Seattle and the state.

Two things have already operated to break up the reactionaries' united front, however. First, the exposés cited above have put them on the defensive. The public no longer entirely believes such stories as the so-called "mutiny" by the sailors of Alaska ships, and they are hard put to explain their carefully-laid plans for a stoppage of shipping this month. Even the Washington Industrial Council is shaky, the present officers having gone so far as to offer their resignations a few weeks ago. The Industrial Council has spent so many thousands of dollars advertising by radio and newspapers that Seattle is ruled by mobs and labor rackets that people from Los Angeles to Boston believe that the unions are beating up citizens daily for recreation, that pitched battles are being fought in the streets and decent people stay barricaded in their homes. The net effect of all this is to give Seattle a black eye, as the *Guild Daily* pointed out. Eastern Washington farmers have become so scared that they send their produce to Tacoma instead, and many members of the Industrial Council are calling "quits."

The threats from the right have had a fine result on organized labor. Since the P.-I. strike began, there has been no right or left wing in the Seattle Labor Council. It has a genuine solidarity welded by the broadside attacks of a common enemy. The 5000 maritime workers in the Labor Day parade showed their formidable strength, and now even the conservative teamsters are backing them against the shipowners without reservation. President Claude O'Reilly of the Central Labor Council, teamster business agent, is making speeches about "making Seattle a 100 per cent union town," a slogan first popularized two years ago by the left-wing paper *Voice of Action*. Recent strikes have been won by the furniture makers and by the weighers and warehousemen in a wholesale drug house. And the P.-I. does not even try to open up, leaving the field to the Guild to develop its own really progressive and pro-labor paper, now widely circulated throughout the city by carrier.

The public has responded to labor's activities favorably. To offset the "Law and Order League," a Citizens' Committee was formed by several hundred Guild supporters, mostly business and professional people, and two pamphlets on collective bargaining and the P.-I. strike were issued for general circulation. Nearly \$10,000 has been contributed to the Guild, as well as donations of food, cigarettes and headquarter space. Mayor John F. Dore has continued to make speeches for the Guild and against Hearst, and has gone on to support the maritime unions. At a mass meeting called by the maritime unions on September 29 he was cheered by 5000 labor supporters when he declared:

"Union labor wrote the most glorious page in its history when every group in its ranks rallied back of that P.-I. strike. It showed that workers have finally come to realize that their entire situation depends upon unionism. They know now that white-collar workers are part of their movement . . . If Hearst never comes back, this city will be ten thousand times better off . . . If they (the shipowners) have the audacity to plunge industry and the public welfare of the coast into chaos, they won't get any more subsidies from the U. S., and they may not have any ships . . . I am satisfied that if the shipowners do this thing there will be an uprising of all people throughout the length of the coast, including small business men as well as workers, that will cause the United States at once to take over the shipping industry and run it; and it will be a long day before the shipowners will get the industry back."

This is the amazing record of what labor solidarity, used politically, can do with local government.

The Washington Commonwealth Federation has done everything it could to strengthen this leftward trend in labor. When the Labor Council announced that it was forced to support the entire Democratic slate to make sure of defeating Landon and Hartley, the W.C.F. went so far as to withdraw Howard Costigan, its candidate for governor. The executive board reasoned that it was useless to run Costigan without labor support, and by being co-operative with labor, the whole labor machinery of the state could be brought closer to the Federation. This act brought to a head a superficial split in the organization, when President Cyrus Woodward resigned.

Woodward, though personally honest, has long been at odds with the democratically elected board of the federation. He opposed the endorsement of John C. Stevenson for governor in July, believing that "production for use" was the sole aim of the W.C.F. He has never agreed with the board on the importance of union support, and has shown distrust and opposition toward the labor section of the federation. On several other occasions he had resigned and then reconsidered.

Every liberal organization seems to split at some time early in its career. This split, by removing deadwood, may make rather than break the W.C.F. Since this shake-up occurred the W.C.F. has gained more new affiliates than at any other time in its history. Woodward showed his colors upon resigning by rushing to the reactionary *Seattle Times* with stories of Executive Secretary Howard G. Costigan's dictatorship and the presence of Communists in the federation. He charged that they were playing politics instead of backing production-for-use Initiative 119. This outburst hardly made a dent in the W.C.F. Costigan ably refuted the charges by showing that he, unlike Woodward, was willing to accept the decisions of the executive board; that the red-baiting of Woodward was essentially like that of Hearst; and that, while 119 was not an issue in the primary campaign, the present energies of the federation are being almost exclusively directed toward passage of the bill. Woodward expected to bring a large part of the W.C.F. out with him, but his charges fell so flat that only a handful have joined him in supporting the hopeless candidacy of an independent, William Bouck, for governor.

The production-for-use initiative has been made the butt of a terrific attack by the conservatives of the state. Billboards have appeared warning the voters not to raise their taxes by voting for this bill or an old age pension bill also on the ballot. The banks this month sent out with their statements leaflets denouncing these measures as communistic because they were supported by the W.C.F. or its candidates. Newspapers throughout the state attempt to confuse production-for-use with communism, a strategy hated by the Communists as much as by the Commonwealthers. Meanwhile the Communist Party has filed Harold Brockway for governor, since the W.C.F. is supporting neither major gubernatorial candidate actively in the finals.

The one conclusion that emerges from the whole situation is that labor is at last uniting on a militant basis, with the Commonwealth Federation drawing closer to labor and all progressive forces by co-operating with them to the fullest possible extent.

O. O. MCINTYRE : SUCCESS STORY

NADINE SMALL

OVER five million Americans read him; over three hundred newspapers use his column, "New York Day by Day"; he is reported to have the largest income of any columnist in the business and he owns a Rolls-Royce. I am referring, of course, to Oscar Odd McIntyre.

Biography is superfluous in this instance, for Mr. McIntyre is generous with little tit-bits about himself. It is a part of his stock in trade to write about himself in his column, consequently all who read him know he was born in Plattsburg, M., and later moved to Gallipolis, O. Like all great and good Americans, he had a hard, long struggle in the "big city." But like every real American, he rose above it all and in the true American fashion became a deserving millionaire.

He is the envy of his country cousins, but he has insisted throughout the years of his columning that he envies his cousins in the country. He is always being reminded of some quaint tale in which there is a longing backward glance in the direction of Gallipolis, O. The good old American grand-

mother, mother-in-law, grandfather, mother and father receive their proper lines of respectful reference.

The most important consideration for a columnist is the selection of subject matter. Sentimental little incidents told with touching pathos have served O. O. McIntyre well. Ragged old ladies standing in dark doorways, doddering millionaires on their last million, stately society ladies living on a last string of pearls, poor little rich girls all have made their appearances in "New York Day by Day" with methodic regularity. Then there is the old time vaudeville star now forgotten, who always merits a sentimental paragraph. Important authors are often embalmed in paragraphs. Beautiful ladies of the last generation some times serve to add the old fashioned touch. And longing glances, via the short paragraph, toward beauties now at their height of popularity are jokingly referred to as the author's present "crushes." Somewhere, tucked in between a bit of trivia will be a sly dig directed at O. O. McIntyre himself, which gives just the

right touch of tolerance and good fellowship.

Perhaps the story with the pathetic touch may be called O. O. McIntyre's greatest "literary achievement." The formula is simple. Find an old man shuffling along the street, he stoops and quickly picks up a cigarette butt. O. O. McIntyre does the rest, the old man turns out to be a banker who failed in the 1929 crash, or an old-time stage favorite.

Sentimental observations on life, the American village, old fashioned virtues and the simple life all appear in the daily column.

The pathetic story has many variations. One of these is the tale of the valiant survivors of an outmoded profession.

"And along Baxter Street a tattered remnant of a lost art carries on—the sidewalk card writer. Despite the chill, he warms his hands over a charcoal box and twirls his flourishing calligraphy to those who apply. I patronized him out of sentiment, going the full distance in having Jay F. Price's name centered in a winged bird, a gesture twenty cents extra a dozen. He admitted his customers were few but it keeps him in comparative comfort. That is, he is able to live in a Bowery lodging and keep his cob pipe stoked."

Personal incidents often serve two purposes, show pathos and reveal the author as a kindly human.

"Newspaper columnists have their moments of astonishment, too. He came around today shyly grateful. At 71, he had never had his name in print until it appeared here. Like those full of years, he made a great deal of a simple joy. One felt like rushing to the typewriter and zinging out a column ode to his gratitude."

The old fashioned, simple life of the village receives more than its share of paragraphs. The author is himself a product of the small town and if the insidious artifices of the city had not poisoned him he might still be living a pure and simple life. The least he can do now is warn others of the perils of the city, though quite by the way he feeds millions of hinterland readers with city doings.

He is old fashioned to the core. Nothing tastes so good as grandmother's pudding and a good plate of soup is still his favorite dish, and he manages to get in little seemingly unconscious cracks.

"Only on the lower East Side have I found cabbage soup that is cooked with the earnestness that flavors the entire neighborhood with its pungent odor."

Confessing a few little harmless weaknesses give more flavor of old-fashioned sentimentality.

"I'd like to be a big, strong silent man instead of a twittering namby pamby."

Nor does it bother him if you laugh when he confesses that,

"Nothing frightens me like the tinkle of a bicycle bell suddenly behind me."

Hardly a day passes that O. O. McIntyre doesn't marvel over the blessings of individualism. Frequent paragraphs recount the "rags to riches" story. He looks backward to the good old days, but does not acknowledge any economic changes. Nor does he question the goal. He believes in the simple virtues and one must not sell one's soul for a bag of gold. The pious utterances of middle class society are glorified in the success story. If you work hard, write often to mother, go to church and lead a clean life you're bound to succeed. You must not give way to any doubts as to the justice of the economic struggle, nor as to the goal itself.

"In my time I have been—

Unjustly accused of things I was not guilty.

Laughed at when I tried to make a speech.

Betrayed by men I trusted.

Broke and jobless in three strange cities.

Rescued from drowning twice.

Unable to sell a thing I wrote in 14 months.

Three times a victim of pick pockets.

Threatened by extortionists.

All these and more, yet I still believe it is the best of all possible worlds."

O. O. McIntyre's observations on the depression are in character. Long paragraphs about millionaires bravely weathering the storm, debutantes driven to singing in night clubs. The impression conveyed is that the depression was an act of God and good people are facing the trial with stout hearts, all but a few whiners and they are the trouble makers. The man who was wiped out in the crash and bravely started anew with a hot dog stand is the hero. Those who ask for relief, or complain of their bad luck deserve just what they got. Here is a typical story.

"Most Florida roads are dotted with dilapidated cars playing hooky from the junk heaps, that seem fairly to gasp, 'Florida or bust!' There is much youth among them, youth that is facing things with high heart. Always they have a wave and a smile for the stranger. It is a new and sudden American poverty that in an exodus from cities meets life on the open road lustily singing, 'Happy Days Are Here Again' instead of swarming to the lower East Side cellars to plot the government's overthrow."

His innocence in these matters reached a new high early this year. Apparently in very good spirits and with a straight face he suggests, "Nation Should Go on Sartorial Binge."

"Thousands have been going about a bit tacky because they wanted to see just the way the wind was blowing. We don't know any more now than a year ago and we are not likely to know very much more until after the election, if we have to go back to rags or primeval ooze. Just a week of togging up will help us to recapture our lost stride and make us feel we are not headed for wooden shoes and the blue-bloused habiliments of peasant Russia, after all. Certainly the bright boys have been giving us that impression for quite a spell."

Out of a rich optimism comes this suggestion for a depression pastime,

"Depression pastime suggestion: Abraham Lincoln used to walk through the shopping districts of Washington just to look in the windows and see the things he did not need."

Not to be outdone by his Chief, he has lately been on a private little red-hunt. He may, of course, be acting on orders. He thinks those slick authors, who protest they are not reds in public and in private are really red hot, are unworthy of the sacred trust of American citizenship. And he for one is not fooled by these bright boys. Once he threatened, via his column, that he knew there are at least twenty well known magazine writers and executives who are reds, but he neglected to give their names. Once he stated that Clifton Fadiman and Clifford Odets were members of the Communist party. In a few days he published their denials. Writing on favorite authors he said,

"Vide: Wells, Bennett, Walpole. I am drawing away from Wells. His Marxist strain has become too brilliantly ruby, the same carmine streak that runs through a group of highbrow magazines, particularly the 'American Mercury' since Mencken left."

I think it is a fair summary to say that O. O. McIntyre's long reign as the widest-read columnist is based on his avoidance of significant material and his shrewd appeal to middle class traditions. He does not bother his readers with contemporary problems, but records minutely the trivial, unimportant things. When he records a name he seldom makes a worthwhile observation. And the names he mentions are for the most part society's heroes-of-the-moment. He is shrewd, in that he does not try to buck the prejudices, the sentimental myths of his readers. In the tradition of American business, O. O. McIntyre has discovered the formula that will make money: Small town boy makes good in the big city.

ROVING WITH THE MIGRANTS

CAROL GRISHAM

A CHARACTERISTIC of most of the workers I talked with which made it easier to get acquainted was that during the season there is but one thing they think, talk or care about—this naturally, the fruit crop. With this topic as a peg, I always at least could get a conversation started. After a while I found I could get closer to almost any one of them if I said I was hunting work. They'd tell me what the chances were for a job and what I could make. Usually someone left off work to hunt up the boss.

All along, there was one question I asked: "How do you feel about keeping on the move?" It was a sound, reportorial enough question, it seemed. But it wasn't getting much information. People were puzzled, or made laconic replies which meant little. One day a man in a pear orchard to whom I was directing the question, looked at me amusedly, then with his lips in a kind of grim line, he drawled, "First let me ask you one. How do you like sweatin' to keep alive?"

After this, I changed my tune. From now on I asked, "How do you get along in bad years, droughts and dust storms?" The answer each time was different. Yet, in sum, often it was merely, "Lady, I don't know." Working in fruit, I thought, begins to get one. Doing it by the piece, soon one begins to think that way, only more slowly and less eagerly, and ends up with a weary shrug that means, "I dunno."

Yet, before long, I saw that really they didn't know. A spell of work ending, one thing only remained for them to do—move on. And so they moved on—and on. A migrant, as I saw him this summer, didn't sit down to think it over—he was already on his way when the best of the crop was harvested. On the road were hundreds from the Middle West of dust and drought. There were former share-croppers from Oklahoma, Arkansas, Texas and the deeper South—people just above peonage at home. Often they did not own even an old car, but doubled up their families and meager belongings with other families in old trucks. With great frequency, the ones I met were the poor of city and country of the West. Taken as a mass, in California they are replacing the labor of the Orient, of Mexico and the Philippines. They plod on, most of them, in order to face the winter, and because now they do not know anything else to do.

From what a party of Southerners told me, the cotton share-cropper of the South and the fruit migrant of this state are similar. Both are propertyless. All each brings is the labor of himself and his family. The difference is that, in the South, the landlord provides the shanties in which the share-croppers live and advance food and other supplies, which are to be repaid out of the share-croppers' earnings at the end of the year (most often leaving them in debt); while

in California, until the establishment of a few federal camps—a mere drop in the bucket for a shifting population numbering 250,000—nothing, sometimes not even water has been commonly provided.

At one of these tent camps in an orchard was a young girl they told me was crazy. All day she ran about the camp and the orchard with a tin bucket, expecting to find raspberries growing everywhere. The others hardly noticed her except when she got in the way of the ladders and trucks, when they aimed a clod of dirt at her. She was, they said, one of the large number of children of a migrant father and mother whose offspring were scattered about the country.

In another camp about thirty miles away, I got to talking with an old woman from Arkansas. She was dressed in faded calico, her white hair combed back tightly and done up in a knot. Inside the tent was hanging the enormous sun-bonnet she wore when berry picking. Her sunbrowned face beamed in unusual friendliness. She enquired, after some conversation about the weather and the berry crop, if I'd like to hear some tunes folks used to sing down where she came from. Assured of my interest, then she wanted to know further if I favored the gay and sentimental songs of her day or the "mischievous" ones the young folks sing.

"It's nice," she said, when I mentioned the former, "to hear ye say it." Then she began to sing in a frail, piping voice, "Jimmy's on a Stormy Sea."

"Was there a better place for us than here?" she asked in answer to my question as to why she had left her home. "There ain't nothin' in hoein' cotton, and besides Orry—that's my daughter—and me wanted to see somethin'."

"We been all right so far. I guess we'll make out."

California to her knowledge didn't have any cold weather, but, with some anxiety, she wanted to check up on this with me. Then she apologized about the whole matter, as if she thought she was talking to the President of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce. She added, "We're aimin' to keep warm and dry this winter. I guess that's only human."

Most since she could remember, she said, she had lived in or near Arkansas, but where she was born she didn't know. She could sing any number of Southern folksong—well on to a hundred. She thought she had known them from the day she was born.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

CAREY McWILLIAMS is a lawyer and journalist in Southern California, contributes to many national and Western magazines and is author of studies on Ambrose Bierce, Louis Adamic and others.

DAVID PRICE is working on the WPA in Los Angeles.

COLE STEVENS is a student of political affairs in the state of Washington.

CAROL GRISHAM is a Berkeley writer who joined the migratory fruit pickers this summer.

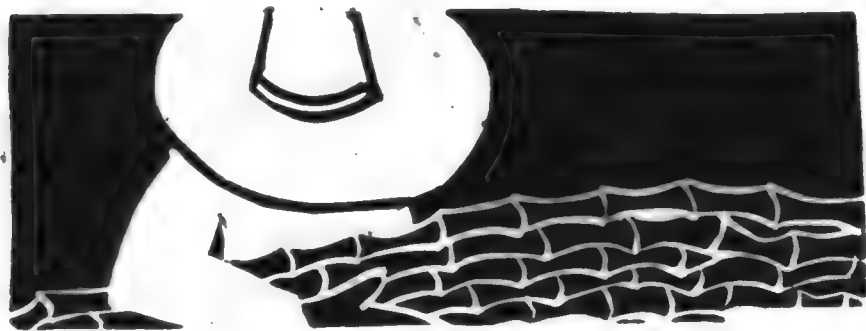
ERNEST ALBEE taught in the philosophy department at the University of Southern California.

LESLIE T. WHITE writes for popular detective magazines and is now working on a play and a novel.

WINSTON GIBBS is a student from the University of Minnesota at present living in Carmel.

R. A. KOCHER is a physician and medical research worker who has worked in a number of American medical foundations. He is at present engaged in a study of food and society.





When Orry, a young woman of very dour countenance, came in to camp, she offered to sing some more of the songs. Her dark face kept its angry expression, even as she sang. Her mother leaned from her fruit box to whisper that Orry might have married any man in Arkansas, but that a spell had been cast over her. It seemed to me that it was the devil, all right, to hear her sing.

I left them promising to drop by next year and hear the rest of the songs. Not until I was saying goodbye did I observe that the old lady was blind.

At the next camp I located, which happened to be that of some Mexicans, I stopped to eat some sandwiches I had

brought. The tents and shacks here looked much the same, I noted, as those of white people. Automobiles, as numerous as the tents, stood under the trees; the usual junk—old stoves, rickety tables, wash basins, buckets filled with dusty water, mops and dishes—were scattered everywhere. In some tents one could see the unmade beds and clothes strewn over the boxes and the ground. There were flies and mosquitos. I postponed eating my sandwiches and got into conversation, instead, with some young girls who sat under the trees sewing. Two of them, incidentally, were the most beautiful girls I ever had seen. They greeted me with wide smiles. They had finished up on the fruit earlier in the day and were now sewing. One of them was putting ecru lace on bright, pink silk underwear. She said she lived in Wilmington and came north every summer for the fruit; another lived in San Francisco and wanted to go south to "see how oranges grow" and also to get a view of Hollywood. They had worked all day sorting peaches. Before dark they would be on their way over a four mile stretch to the movies . . . they, who themselves were far more beautiful than any movie star.

These are glimpses of a few of the workers who, someone has said, hold the agriculture of California in the palm of their hands.

DARKNESS ON THE DELTA

FRANK SMITH

TROUBLE is brewing on the Mississippi Delta for the Negro and the tenant farmer. The Delta, which boasts the richest cotton land in the world, is also the heart of the tenant system of cotton farming. The region known commonly throughout the Mid-south as "the Delta" is the northwest corner of the state of Mississippi, its western boundary being the Mississippi river from Memphis to Vicksburg, and its eastern one the Yazoo river and its upper tributaries. Seventy per cent of the population of this region is black, and the largest portion of these Negroes are sharecroppers. Because they are in such a numerical minority the whites of the Delta fear more than anything else political and economic power in the hands of the Negro. Any movement to better the condition of the sharecropper is labeled as a Negro uprising and fought all the more fiercely by the ruling reactionaries.

This year the Delta is harvesting one of the best cotton crops in recent years and marketing it at the highest price paid since the beginning of the depression. Despite these favorable conditions, tenants fear that the debt-burdened planters are going to use their profits to retire their own debts instead of making a fair division with their labor.

The Southern Tenant Farmer's Union has never made a serious attempt to organize sharecroppers in this section, and when it does the S. T. F. U. will meet with even more strenuous opposition than that which faces it in Arkansas. Planters, law enforcers, bankers, and merchants of the Delta have recently had their almost hysterical fear and hatred of unions, equal rights for tenants, "black domination," and "outside agitators" increased greatly by the murder of two white plantation managers by Negro tenants. Every indication points to the conclusion that an organization of Negro

sharecroppers was responsible for much of the racial hatred that resulted in the murders.

The National Federation of Colored Farmers Inc. was organized in Chicago for the stated purpose of "protecting the rights of sharecroppers" and for "securing grants of land from the federal government," but it appears that the chief purpose of at least some of its officers was to collect the five dollars in annual dues that each member was required to pay. The Federation asked only for Negro members and one of its chief tenets was that the evils of the plantation system were caused by the white race. The planter mistreated his labor because they were black and he was white, and this injustice could only be ended by getting rid of the white, according to literature distributed by organizers for the Federation. One circular, illustrated with a picture showing a Negro man and a white woman in an affectionate pose, declared that the mating of Negroes with whites would result in the disappearance of the white race by the year 2500 A. D. The meetings, organization work, and other details of the Federation were shrouded in secrecy and filled with mystic rites and ceremonies for the benefit of the ignorant Negro.

On August 11, William Simpson and W. D. Ingram, white managers of a plantation near Greenwood, one of the largest towns in the Delta, were shot and killed after an argument with some of their tenants. Tommy Jones and Andrew Hemphill, Negro tenants, admitted the killings and claimed self-defense, but no proof has been shown that either Simpson or Ingram were armed at the time they met their death. When it became known that Jones and Hemphill were members of a sharecroppers organization, local papers stated that the two belonged to the Southern Tenant Farmer's Union, but it soon came out that they belonged to the National Federation of



Colored Farmers, and that Jones was secretary of his local chapter, although letters found in his possession revealed that he was being dunned by the national headquarters of the group to pay his back dues.

As soon as it became known to officers that the two men held for the murders were members of a secret organization of sharecroppers, Delta jails were filled with Negroes suspected of belonging to the organization and whose names were found in the possession of organizers when they were arrested. Fearsome rumors about the doings of the Federation spread throughout the Delta. Greenwood was filled with tales of murder, rape, and pillage done by Negroes at the instigation of northern agitators, although there were no grounds for any of the stories. Tension between the races was at a breaking point, but fortunately there were no serious outbreaks.

The work of the National Federation of Colored Farmers, Inc. in the Mississippi Delta has resulted in a severe setback to the efforts of the progressive elements among the white and colored races to bring about a closer understanding and more harmonious relations between the two peoples. It will take years to erase the hatred that has been engendered by a group which apparently has as its chief purpose the mulcting of hard-earned money from an easily misled people. But an even greater blow has been dealt the chances of a real union of sharecroppers, such as the S. T. F. U., to organize effectively the tenants of the Delta. People who might have been at least tolerant toward the S. T. F. U.'s efforts to organize have now learned to associate the idea of a sharecroppers union with the fear of murder and race war. The reactionaries have new enlistments on their side and those who complain of the sinister influence of "northern agitators" have, for once, a just cause for complaint.

CLASSIFIED ADS

RATES for these effective classifieds as follows: 40¢ per line; 3 lines for \$1.00; 35¢ for each additional line. 6 insertions: 30¢ per line; 4 lines for \$1.00. Copy deadline is Tuesday for the issue of the following Monday.

FOR SALE: Special Jeffers number of "The Carmelite," December 28, 1928. Selling now for ten dollars. Only a few copies left; signed by Robinson Jeffers. Apply Box HH "Pacific Weekly."

SHORTCUT TO OLYMPUS

ERNEST ALBEE

● BOOKS

WILL DURANT wrote a "popular outline of philosophy" several years ago, at a time when outlines of anything were selling like four-bit dollar bills through the various book-of-the-moment clubs. Popular Durant's book may have been, but philosophy it certainly was not, as any college student who has been flunked for quoting from it will agree.

C. E. M. Joad, on the contrary, has given us in his *Guide to Philosophy** a work which is in fact a guide, in truth philosophy, and in merit worthy of all the audience which, probably, not it but the latest Outline by H. G. Wells will get. Mr. Joad, a professor of philosophy at the University of London, is qualified for his project not only by training but by literary skill. More surprising, he has no intellectual axes to grind in analyzing other people's philosophy, and preserves a neutrality almost unknown among technical philosophers who almost by definition must be dogmatic about something or other. When Mr. Joad says of himself that he has simply "a general predilection for some form of Realism and Pluralism," the statement is completely reassuring, for it means just what Doctor Johnson meant when he kicked the rock, or stamped his foot, or whatever he really did to illustrate his belief that the world is what it is, no more no less.

With this commonsense attitude, Joad moves skillfully among the multitude of schools and doctrines of philosophy, selects essential ideas and arguments, considers the evidence for and against them, and makes the whole process a sort of Grand Tour among fascinating sights and sounds. The book is not chronology nor biography but a record and survey of ideas—the most profound and inclusive ideas ever thought by human beings. Such ideas made into logically coherent systems become the several departments of philosophy (Metaphysics, Epistemology, Ethics, and Esthetics) and the various schools of philosophy (Idealism, Realism, Monism, Dualism, Pragmatism, etc.). And, complex and abstruse as the subject is, philosophy can be brought down to earth and to common understanding. Joad's method does the trick. Because it is a fact that any part of philosophy is related to all the other parts, Joad accommodates to the fact his method of "guiding" the lay reader, and by constant reference and cross-reference, by definition of terminology in the terms of ordinary usage, by helpful foot-noting and by concrete illustrations, he encourages the reader himself to think systematically, to make logical connections for himself.

I commend this book both to the novice in philosophy who simply wants to know more about the rhyme and reason (or lack of it) in this universe, and to the student of technical philosophy who wishes his instructors and text-books could be abetted for once by some miracle of clarity and conciseness. But any reader, I warrant, will find it exciting in Joad's book to learn how Plato relates to Hegel, to Karl Marx, and thus to the modern scene; how "Absolute Idealism" was inverted to become "Dialectical Materialism"—and how, under either theory, a thing can be itself, not itself, and something else again, all at the same time!

It is sober truth that there is no nobler, no "higher" pursuit than philosophy, when philosophy is not dragged down from the high places by charlatan cultists and occultists for the spiritual seduction of maiden aunts and penitent backsliders. C. E. M. Joad is a genuine philosopher in the Greek tradition,

*GUIDE TO PHILOSOPHY, by C. E. M. Joad. (Random House)
\$2.50

a lover of knowledge and truth, of system and order in belief. His book is far more capable of instilling and encouraging such a love in its readers than any I, in years of reading in philosophy, have ever before now met.

THE OLD SOUTH

GONE WITH THE WIND, by Margaret Mitchell. (Macmillan Co.) \$3.00

WHEN a "first novel" sells almost a half million copies within a few months of publication there is little any reviewer can add: the book just has to be good. This is the story of Scarlett O'Hara—a gal who knows what she wants and is willing to fight for it, no holds barred—and it is also a story of the Civil War. Not the bang-bang war of *What Price Glory?* rather a portrait of the effect of the war on the lives of the characters. It goes without saying there is plenty of romance.

Scarlett O'Hara is a lively baggage with more than enough vices to be refreshing. And a book that contains over one thousand pages of "period" fiction simply has to have an interesting heroine; that is a lot of reading matter, especially in these lively days when there is so much turmoil and a shifting scene of interest all around. Yet, that may be the answer to the book's success, for undoubtedly it is "escape" literature. Some readers may feel a tinge of impatience with the build-up of a South that is no more. Others may feel that the handling of the Negro question suggests an attitude better dead and gone. However, the book is an accurate picture of the period.

Margaret Mitchell must be a very exciting young lady; her photographs indicate that she is lovely to the eye and her work points to pure genius. Not once in that pile of words has she faltered in her narrative or characterization. Reports on the time spent in the writing vary—between six and ten years. Yet that, in itself, indicates nothing save patience, and a *modus operandi*. A fine novel can be written at top speed in the heat of creation. The movies have fallen into line . . . the reported price for screen rights is \$65,000.

LESLIE T. WHITE

MEXICO INTERPRETED

THE STONES AWAKE, by Carleton Beals. (Lippincott) \$2.50

MEXICO: A REVOLUTION BY EDUCATION, by George I. Sanchez. (Viking Press) \$2.75

A NOVEL about Mexico by Carleton Beals, a man who has studied thoroughly and sympathetically the condition of the peon and who is just about as well-informed as any man on the culture of Latin America, is a book which naturally arouses great expectations in the reviewer. In many ways he is not disappointed, for this is a thrilling and fast-moving story of twentieth century Mexico in which the almost unbelievable poverty of the Mexican peasant and the thorough subjection in which he was held by both hacienda owners and priests are vividly portrayed, and the spectacular revolutions with their dynamiting and bloodshed are interestingly recounted.

However, if you are sensitive about such things I must warn you that the situations are described and the characters talk and act in almost the same way as in the more lurid adventure magazines, and that this style is changed only in the more sexy parts of the book which are patterned after the manner of "Scarlet Confessions" or "Parisian Tit-Bits," as when a man on the make "greedily devours with his eyes

the contours of her body." Furthermore these sexual interludes rarely result in anything definite, just as they never do in the pulps, which I have never understood to be typical of Mexico. Though Mr. Beals gives one a remarkably informative picture of Mexican life in practically all of its aspects during the course of the book, the Great Mexican Novel is yet to be written.

Mr. Sanchez is also a student of Mexican affairs, especially from the educational viewpoint, and he gives a thorough survey of the present status of the schools in Mexico, telling well the part the government has played and is playing in the struggles it has had against ignorance and prejudice. Chosen by the Julius Rosenwald Fund for this investigation he has done his job well. He shows that where teachers have gained a foothold they have become instruments of enlightenment upon many subjects not included in the narrow concepts of pedagogy, such as sanitation and useful arts.

The work of the government is far from complete. The vastness of the country, the difficulties of transportation and communication, the backwardness of the people and the hostility of the priests, (to say nothing of the fact that over three hundred different languages and dialects are spoken in Mexico) have all helped to keep many a squalid village still in its primitive state.

This book is unusually fair and comprehensive and should certainly be read by every student of Latin America.

WINSTON GIBBS

WELLS AND THE WORLD

THE ANATOMY OF FRUSTRATION, by H. G. Wells (The Macmillan Co.) \$2.00

THIS may be regarded as the unfinished business of Wells' *Experiment In Autobiography*, published about two years ago. It is written in the form of fiction. William Burroughs Steele is used as a foil for the expression of Wells' philosophical ideas on what is wrong with the world. Wells stopped writing romantic fiction some twenty years ago and began writing compendia of world knowledge, with the apparent purpose of giving masses of people a world perspective in order that they might live in wealth, harmony and happiness.

The planned "New Model for Humanity" which he outlined failed to bear fruit. The vast store of knowledge which Wells accumulated and dished out in his "Outlines," instead of giving him a clear understanding of the current scene seemed but to bewilder him. He reminds me of a classmate who retained everything he read in text books, but when confronted with a living patient invariably made the rarest and most impossible diagnosis.

William Burroughs Steele is a retired successful business man, Harvard graduate, biochemist, financial wizard, student of internal and foreign politics, philosopher and specialist on world affairs. As an anatomist of human frustration he dissects such delicate organs as, "Immortalities; Man on his planet; frustration by the subconscious; the frustration of Socialism; the frustration of a world pax; frustration through self-indulgence; the idea of the lover-shadow," etc.

The material is presented by H. G. Wells as editor, reviewing eleven large volumes; being but a review, the highlights only of these various dissections are given. The effect on the reader is frustration. At no point can he be clear what Steele was really driving at, and if at times he thinks he sees light, he is at once again thrown into darkness; and the editor proceeds to the next bit of anatomy.

On the whole this is a sketchy discussion on a metaphysical plane of a variety of world topics. At no point can it truly be called a dissection. A true anatomist uses a sharp scalpel and forceps, deft hands and a searching eye. Wells uses intuitive

"reasoning," philosophical concepts, words and more words:
 "This finely balanced informal community of new moderns, by virtue of its common elucidation, is to overcome every brute force in the world. Cyclopean prejudices, innate misconceptions, oceans, mountain barriers, limitless space, the protean blind obstructions of nature within us and without, will not prevail against the crystallizing will, the ordered solvent knowledge, the new education, the achieved clearheadedness, of an illuminated race."

Boiled down to plain American language, this means that when we think straight and see the world for what it really is, all prejudice and natural barriers will vanish. O. K.—but you will look in vain for a clear statement in this book of the nature of the illness or its remedy.

R. A. KOCHER

GROUPS IN ACTION

LIBERAL OFFICIAL BEATEN

The full details of the kidnapping and beating of Joseph S. Gelders, Alabama secretary of the National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners, were revealed recently in an affidavit submitted to Governor Bibb Graves recently in investigation which is being conducted to apprehend the kidnap-floggers.

Returning to his home in the outskirts of Birmingham September 23, at about 11:30 at night Gelders was attacked by three men, punched and beaten with black jacks and thrown into the back of a waiting automobile. The affidavit continues in part:

"The two persons on the back seat occupied themselves with stamping their heels on my face, eyes, nose, chest and stomach, all the while reading bits of the literature they had taken away from me and cursing and laughing and making remarks about the literature and calling me disagreeable names."

During the hour and half that it took the men to drive about 70 miles outside Birmingham they continued to beat and kick Gelders. When the car finally stopped, "they tore off all my clothing except a pair of trunks and a pair of socks. They proceeded to apply a lash in the form of a broad leather strap, probably 2 inches wide and 4 feet long, until I became unconscious." At about dawn Gelders was able to rise and found his way to a nearby residence and was taken to a hospital in Clanton, Alabama. He has now returned to Birmingham to aid in the search for his assailants.

INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION—LOS ANGELES CHAPTER

Why local housing facilities are inadequate and what can be done to meet the situation, will be discussed in a symposium "Housing for Human Needs" at the Unitarian Church assembly hall, 2936 West 8th Street, Los Angeles, next Sunday evening at 8:00 o'clock.

The symposium will bring together Congressman Byron N. Scott, Father O'Dwyer, C. J. Haggerty, secretary of the Builders' District Trade Council, Secretary Alley of the City Housing Commission, R. M. Schindler, noted modern architect; a spokesman of the Workers' Alliance, and others.

Congressman Scott is the author of a low cost housing bill which he will introduce the next session in Congress. Father O'Dwyer is to speak on the pressing needs of the low-wage groups of the population. Secretary Haggerty will explain his organization's stand toward low-cost housing projects. Plans of the city of Los Angeles for housing in the immediate future are to be made known by City Housing Commission Secretary Alley.

Discussion and questions will follow.

Executive Secretary, S. Kalish
 1212 North Mariposa, Los Angeles

CORRESPONDENCE

Editors, "Pacific Weekly"

I earnestly hope that the enclosed does not reach you too late to be of use to you. I want you to feel free to call upon me in any subsequent emergency of the "Pacific Weekly."

I have not invariably seen eye to eye with every article, or every stand taken in the magazine, but I have always been wholly in sympathy with its broad, general viewpoint. I should, therefore, regard it as a loss of a very serious kind to every civilized or hopeful person on the West Coast, if the magazine were compelled to cease publication. I have deeply regretted the loss of the great man who was its editor, who had, I believed, just begun to push the magazine into a prominent and highly effective position.

This magazine simply **must not** be allowed to die. Things are happening too rapidly, and in too great profusion, all over the country, for the people at large to be forced to rely upon "The Nation" and the "New Republic" and such magazines for their understanding of what is going on. These, and others like them, of national character do the best they can, no doubt, but they cannot cover the ground as it must now, of all times, be covered, intimately and thoroughly. Regional journalism **must** step into the picture. If the Weekly dies, another would certainly have to be started—and then one would have to think of the waste, the time and the substance of the things lost. The two years or so of life that the Weekly knew should be built upon, and not rudely thrown aside.

More, anyhow, of profound future significance to the American so-called Commonwealth is happening right now in California than has happened in New York in ten years. The recent events in Salinas and in Orange County are of infinite significance. . . . The Salinas and Orange County crises are essentially agricultural in character. And the American Middle West is essentially agricultural; and it is here, among the middle classes of the American Middle West, that the balance of political power still resides. A Middle Western friend to whom I sent the Weekly relating the longshoremen's case was not much interested; but when I sent a copy of the Weekly which contained Carey McWilliams' fine article on the Orange County situation, it got a terrific rise—for here was something "right up his alley," for if he could not raise oranges, or help pick such a crop, yet he understood at once, for it was not hard to substitute corn, hogs, oats, etc., for oranges. . . . Even our bootless Mexicans wandering from crop to crop correspond to the seasonal laborers who follow the ripening and threshing of the wheat from Colorado up to Montana, through Kansas and Missouri (I once did it myself as a kid). California is far more advanced than the Middle West, and here things are happening now that will presently begin to happen back there.

In no place that I have seen has this central question been handled so intimately, adequately, and simply as it has been handled in the Weekly.

Hollywood, California

R. B.

Gentlemen:

We are enclosing a check for one dollar to your fund for "Pacific Weekly." It would be a great pity if "Pacific Weekly" had to suspend publication, and we sincerely hope that this will not occur.

Yours very truly,

Berkeley, California

E. & F. J. G.

Gentlemen:

I enclose \$1.00 contribution toward the \$400. you say you need this month. Hope you make it, for your magazine is splendid.

Sincerely,

Los Angeles, California

D. D. G.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed find \$1.00 bill which I am sending for my father who though past 80 years of age would "place me over his knee" if I didn't do something to keep your most worthy magazine in circulation.

The writer is a travelling man and purchases it when ever possible.

Cordially yours,

San Francisco, California

C. S.

Gentlemen:

Note your appeal on the back of the issue of October 12. I enclose One Buck. If you can survive that long, I hereby pledge myself to send you Five Dollars on the first of next month.

Hollywood

R. W.

Gentlemen:

Hope you can keep going.—If I get a whiff of another job I'll duplicate this check and make it larger if possible.

Hollywood

H. C.

TO OUR READERS

THE RESPONSE to last week's appeal for funds for "Pacific Weekly" resulted in donations and contributions enough for two issues more, and thanks are hereby tendered to all those who responded so promptly and generously. Since it is intended, however, to publish a special pre-convention issue for the Writers' Congress on November 10th, the editors and Associates considered using what funds are left after publishing this issue for that special number. It is hoped to carry in that issue special short reports on the Writers' Congresses of the East and Middle West from Malcolm Cowley and Meridel Le Sueur, and the same on the English and International Writers' Congresses from the pens of John Strachey and Michael Gold. In addition, examples of the work of Western writers, poems, short stories, sketches, reviews and literary criticism, and articles on current news will be presented. It goes without saying that if enough funds are forthcoming, the magazine will continue without interruption until the Congress; that body, it is hoped, will decide the fate of "Pacific Weekly." In order to ensure publication of the remaining issues until the Congress, two hundred and fifty dollars is needed (\$250). This will cover the cost of the double size pre-Convention issue, as well as issues until then. **WILL YOU THEREFORE SEND WHAT FUNDS YOU CAN IMMEDIATELY** as the final decision must be made on the basis of funds in hand on Monday October 19th.

PACIFIC ASSOCIATES

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THEY TELL ME . . .

AN INTERESTING travel folder comes to our desk titled "Visit Germany This Year . . . And See" and on the three inside pages of the folder you read, with fitting illustrations: "The delightful Concentration Camps" . . . "How Freedom of Worship is Preserved" . . . "How German Womanhood Flourishes under Hitler" . . . "The Reverence with Which Priests and Nuns are treated" . . . "How Ancient Culture is preserved" . . . etc., etc. The last page tells you what you condone when you visit Germany. The folder is put out by the Non-Sectarian Anti-Nazi League to Champion Human Rights, 20 West 47th Street, New York City, and copies may be had free of charge.

A CATALOGUE is also issued by the Deutsche Zentral Buchhandlung, 218 East 84th Street, New York City, of books burned in Germany and magazines published in exile. In addition to socialist classics published in German there many Russian novels, biographies and histories.

AS A RESULT of the widespread comment which followed the WPA Federal Theater Project's production of "Battle Hymn," the play about John Brown by Michael Gold and Michael Blankfort, Samuel French will issue it in book form.

THE FIFTH VOLUME of Lloyd George's War Memoirs, the recent publication of which in England has caused much disturbance on this side of the Atlantic because of the author's criticism of Pershing and of the A. E. F., will be published in America by Little, Brown and Company on December 1.

SHEPARD TRAUBE, a familiar figure on Broadway as stage director, producer, publicist and playwright, has just published a book which answers in realistic detail more than a hundred specific questions about the business of beginning a career in the theatrical field, as actor, designer, producer, director, playwright—in fact practically any profession connected with the stage. Entitled "So You Want To Go Into the Theatre?", the book is a practical manual for aspiring beginners; it is also a presentation of the theatrical world as it exists today not only in New York but in the purlieus of the Little Theatre and summer stock. Little, Brown and Company are the publishers.

IN CONNECTION with the recent death of Nikita Baliev, the famous Russian impresario, the following tribute paid by Nemirovitch-Dantchenko, co-founder with Stanislavsky of the Moscow Art Theatre, in his newly published memoirs, "My Life in the Russian Theatre." (Little, Brown and Company) is of interest: At a time when the Moscow Art Theatre was contemplating its first foreign tour, there was doubt as to its financial success abroad. It was Baliev who stepped into the breach and underwrote the tour, without strings of any kind. "Twenty-five years have passed," writes Nemirovitch-Dantchenko, "the Art Theatre has passed through all the stages of Revolution . . . nevertheless, it is impossible to forget that feeling of buoyancy and cheer which seized upon us all then, in the days of the youth of the Art Theatre."

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN, Director of the School of American Ballet, and author of "Dance" and "Fokine," has read the proofs of Prince Peter Lieven's "Birth of the Ballets Russes," which Houghton Mifflin Company announce for Fall publication, and calls it "as good a book as has ever been written on the Russian Ballet." The volume will contain thirty-six illustrations from photographs and drawings, including two original designs of "Petrushka" executed by Benois especially for the book and reproduced in full color.

WHAT-NOTS: Little, Brown and Company have just received the completed manuscript of the new novel by Erich Maria Remarque, author of "All Quiet on the Western Front," to be published next Spring. The title is as yet undecided, but the book is described as a novel of post-war Germany, before the Nazi regime . . . Dr. Gustav Eckstein, whose new book, "Canary," is coming out October 29, has just returned from Russia, where he continued work on his biography of the great Russian physiologist Pavlov . . . Catherine Bauer, author of "Modern Housing" (Houghton Mifflin Company), is now in Moscow on a Guggenheim Fellowship . . . There are rumors that Edith Sitwell is to come to America on a lecture tour. Miss Sitwell's latest book, "Victoria of England," has just been issued by Houghton Mifflin Company . . . Little, Brown and Company have signed a contract with John Van Druten, author of "Young Woodley" for his new novel, "And Then You Wish," to be published early in 1937.

ELLA WINTER